

Falconer is a gentleman who in the past has been identified with exhibitions in the larger cities of the east and the Old Country and his experience has been proven to be of great assistance in the preliminary arrangements which have already and are being made. The committees have all been selected with a view as to their peculiar fitness for the work which they will be expected to perform. With such capable men at the wheel, there can be no fear as to the success of the exhibition.

Once a year, I go aboard a steamer at one or other of the Victoria wharves and betake myself to Seattle. I do this for various reasons, the most particular one being that a trip to Seattle invariably renders me more satisfied with Victoria and its surroundings. It always seemed to me as if Nature had entered an emphatic protest against the building of a great city at the point where the Queen City of the Sound now stands. The city is built on mountains, and gazing from the dizzy heights above into the valleys beneath, it is apt to bring on an attack of vertigo; and yet the Seattle people who are accustomed to this sort of thing profess to regard it as adding to the beauty and picturesqueness of their city. The population is not nearly so cosmopolitan as that found in British seaports towns. The inhabitants are nearly all American born, with a small proportion of Canadians and other British subjects. Of the beautiful women in Seattle, it has been truly said that they are as numerous as leaves in Vallambrosa.

A manufacturing company in the United States recently offered prizes to those who discovered the greatest number of errors in the text books used in the public schools of that country. The result has been published, and shows that 5,360 errors have been found. Of these, publishers and authors admit of nearly 700. It would be interesting to know how many errors relative to battles fought during the war of the revolution between Britain and the revolutionists there are in the histories used in the public schools of the United States. Not a few, I am inclined to believe.

Some months ago, a Dr. Kerr, of England, charged that the women of Britain were becoming the slaves of liquors and drugs. By way of commenting on this statement, London *Truth* drops into verse in the following fashion:

DO ENGLISH LADIES GET DRUNK!

O ladies! O ladies! say, can it be true,
All that Dr. N. Kerr has been saying of you?
Oh, say, is it true that your fancies now range
Among the odd pick-me ups of a nature most strange!

Is it true, as that learned physician reports,
That you revel in drugs of most hazardous sorts?
Indulging your tastes in a way which forbodes
A selection quite new of Anacreon's Odes.

Those doses of chloral, so frequent and large,
No longer, 'tis said, can be laid to your charge;
The needle with which you injected morphine,
To no great extent now appears on the scene;
Nor are you now eager, when lacking in tone,
To fly to your bottle of eau de cologne;
No, e'en in your efforts fatigue to abate,
It is needful, 'twould seem, to be quite up to date!

So, as Dr. Kerr's pages most clearly divulge,
In a fresh sort of habits you're prone to indulge.
Now, a lady, as soon as neuralgic pains twinge
her,

Seeks a new panacea in essence of ginger!
Thus drinking a drug in her boudoir kept handy,
Which is double the strength of neat whiskey
or brandy,
And promoting a craving unknown to her
friends,
Which in alcoholomania frequently ends.

You are apt, too, we are told, to indulge in
cocaine,

Till the habit grows one which you cannot
restrain,
And confirmed inebriety, past all escape,
Swoops down upon you in most terrible shape,
With lavender water you also make shift,
And sometimes to etheromania drift;
While you quite a large share of your pin
money waste

On tabloids concocted to suit every taste.

Worse still is the craze which you are quickly
acquirin'

For that much-abused, up-to-date drug,
antipyrin,

A remedy potent brain pains to dispel,
By involving a terrible peril as well;
For the doses increasing, you're taking by stealth,
Must induce shattered nerves, and, in time,
broken health;

And, bringing an army of ills in their train,
Prove once more that the antidote's worse than
the bane.

Be wise, then, in time, for your sanity's sake.
Ye ladies who tend these new habits to make,
Be wise ere too late, and the knowledge acquire,
That in testing new drugs you are playing with
fire:

And learn it is better a headache to bear,
And to suffer the ills dames of fashion must
share,

Than to fly, in the hope that relief you'll obtain,
To essence of ginger, or, may be, cocaine.

Still better 'twould be if you'd strike once for all
Your freedom to gain from Society's thrall;
If no longer you'd turn night to day, as you do;
If in one hour of life you'd not try to live two;
For then would your nerves, spared from con-
stant attacks,

No more be so chronic'ly flabby and lax,
While the craving for doses which daily
increase

Would, the cause once removed, quite as cer-
tainly cease.

THE Farmers' Convention recently held at Agassiz appears to have been a great success, from the agricultural and horticultural point of view, while its deliverances in favor of a proper system of dyking and its carrying out without delay, before, in fact, the recurrence of another flood, were most important. The proceedings throughout were characterized by great unanimity, and further resulted in a resolution to organize into a farmers' association. It is to be hoped that the Government will accede to the petition to publish a full report of the Farmers' Convention in pamphlet form and that the suggestions on hydraulic and dyking will be carried out speedily and effectually.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

MISS CASEY—"I always pay as I go."
Gertrude (who is tired)—"Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?"

"THEM's my sediments," said the hydrant water, as it went through the filter and came out the other side. "I hope I make myself clear."

DENTIST—"What! You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas the last time." Victim—"You haven't been eating onions this time."

WILLIS—"You don't like to play poker with Jones, do you?" Wallace—"What leads you to think so?" Willis—"Jones says he likes to play with you."

MRS. BROWN—"Since they have become engaged, they just sit in the parlor, and not a word passes between them." Brown—"Perhaps there is no room for it to do so."

MRS. YOUNGBLOOD (to orchestra leader at summer hotel.)—"What was that long, dreary thing you just played?" Leader—"Dot vos vrom Vogner." Mrs. Youngblood—"It was not pretty." Leader—"Id vos not indended to be."

A NEWSPAPER paragrapher got off the following the other day: "Wife—And so you got your life insured for my benefit? That's lovely! Husband—Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide, you won't get a cent."

HERE are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon-maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

An enterprising local reporter handed in the following to the city editor of an esteemed contemporary: "A large crowd assembled before Mr. Sellow's fancy goods store this morning and watched him while he was engaged in the interesting occupation of dressing the four large handsome French windows that make his place so attractive. The display was much enjoyed." But the compositors were in a hurry and neglected to put any "n" in the "windows."

THOMAS TYRWHITT DRAKE, after Sir Thomas Mostyn, the master of the Bicester and Warden Hill fox-hounds, was a stern and determined man. No one rode more stanchly or made a bigger row when sport was interfered with, as on the occasion when Sir Anthony Rothschild's hounds got mixed up with Squire Drake's. Sir Anthony said: "No shent to-day, squire!" The squire replied: "No, Sir Anthony, the shent is not half so strong as the three per shents in the city."